

Poem by Sister Mary Jean, RSM, Chairman of the English Department to her senior students

5 May 1968

To English Majors of 1968

The gulls drive westward

On driftwood wings,

The mind falls, folds

Into memory-

My words for you

Sift and sing,

Tattered syllables

Resigning in the air,

Your names, your voices,

Yesterday, today,

Become now

Things to be recalled.

Etched indelibly

In friendship such as ours

Teacher-student, yes,

But oh, so much more

Beyond the pattern of these words

Caressed by the very Breath of God

When lifted up in prayer for you.

But now the years make footsteps,

Along the campus walks.

The sea along the cliffs

Sings its elegy.

The tide beckons outward-

Go, my dears, and God be with you.